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the death of Christ has accomplished will admit of a more profound and more real statement than any of the answers given by the theological systems of the past. In psychology rather than in metaphysics or in law must the investigation be conducted. Canon Moberly's work is in every sense what the Germans call *bahnbrechend*. It is a really great contribution to Christian philosophy, for it offers something better and deeper than what it takes away.

W. L. BEVAN.

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THE BEACON BIOGRAPHY OF EMERSON.

BEACON BIOGRAPHIES. RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Frank B. Sanborn. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1901.

In a brief biography of one hundred and forty pages we have a right to expect for ready reference or as an introduction for new and younger readers a compact but complete summarizing of the qualities and achievements that have made the subject best known and most worth writing about. Particularly do we expect this in a biography of Emerson. There was, and is, a splendid opportunity for a book of this sort. Emerson offers material to the essayist and biographer as few figures in our American life, whether this activity be emphasized in prose and poetic literature, in philosophic thought, or as a mere spiritual influence amid growing material conditions on a new continent.

But it is just these things that we do not find in this little volume. It is too far taken for granted that the reader knows these matters already. If so, then what should be the purpose of the book? Hardly to permit Mr. Sanborn, because he had the enviable fortune to know Emerson personally and almost intimately, to appropriate him, keep him, so to speak, under lock and key or in a glass case as some dearly prized object, to talk about him and rhapsodize, but never permit any one else to have the same enjoyment. There is a good deal of this air of proprietorship in the temper of this little book that is far from pleasant—a spirit that is particularly alien to the gentleness and sweetness we cus-

tomarily think of as belonging to Emerson and should like to believe must have affected all who met him and avowedly confess to being influenced by him. What it is that has made Mr. Sanborn so very acrimonious about others ever having ventured to express their opinions—no doubt often enough mistaken—the uninformed reader can only surmise. Here at least was the opportunity to correct these wrong impression left upon closing the book is not that we have upon these pages. But it is a strange circumstance that the impression left upon closing the book is not that we have come any nearer to the Concord Sage in whose presence we should gladly sit and from those lips should wish to hear but that the author has been in a very contentious mood about somebody or something. Instead of presenting an unforgettable picture of Emerson the man, the dreamer, the poet, the sage, the personality of wide sympathies and unbounded tenderness, Mr. Sanborn has succeeded only in directing attention to himself and his own opinion in the contention that he was right and some one else was wrong.

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MORE FICTION.

Cable's *CAVALIER*; Ford's *HOUSE PARTY*; Grace Rhys's *WOOING OF SHEILA*; Browne's *DRACHMANN'S NANNA*.

Mr. Cable's "The Cavalier" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is a breathless story of war time to suit the prevailing fashion. We confess to a feeling of distinct charm in Mr. Cable's writing—when he is trying and is at his best—and must admit that the pages here go by with ease. There is just enough of autobiography to give the impression of reality to some of the scenes. But as a whole the picture is overdrawn and too highly colored. Engagements and escapes crowd upon us, and if instead of riding off to fresh encounters as, for instance, after the fight at the bridge, we come to work it out mathematically, we can't see quite how it was done. Lieut. Steve and Charlotte Oliver do not draw us quite so much as their companions of whom we hear